

AN
ESSAY
ON
Translated Verse.

BY THE
EARL of ROSCOMON.

—*Fungar vice Cotis, acutum*
Reddere quæ ferrum valet Exori ipsa secundi.
Hor. de Art. Poet.

Cape Dona Extrema Tuorum. V. 3. Æ.

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L O N D O N,

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AN
ESSAY

ON

THE MANNER OF
WRITING

IN PROSE

To the
*Earl of Roscomon, on his Excellent Essay
on Translated Verse.*

WHether the fruitful *Nile*, or *Tyrian* Shore,
The seeds of Arts and Infant Science bore,
Tis sure the noble Plant, translated first,
Advanced its head in Grecian Gardens nurst.
The *Grecians* added Verse, their tuneful Tongue
Made Nature first, and Nature's God their song.
Nor stopt Translation here: For conquering *Rome*
With *Grecian* Spoils, brought *Grecian* Numbers home;
Enrich'd by those *Athenian* Muses more,
Than all the vanquish'd World could yeild before.
Till bar'rous Nations and more bar'rous Times
Debas'd the Majesty of Verse to Rhimes;
Those rude at first: a kind of hobbling Prose:
That limp'd a long, and tinncl'd in the close:
But *Italy* reviving from the trance
Of *Vandal*, *Goth*, and *Monkish* ignorance,
With pauses, cadence, and well vowell'd words,
And all the Graces a good Ear affords,
Made Rhyme an Art, and *Dante's* polish'd page
Restor'd a silver, not a golden Age:
Then *Petrarch* follow'd, and in him we see,
What Rhyme improv'd in all its height can be;
At best a pleasing sound, and fair barbarity:

The *French* pursu'd their steps; and *Brittain*, last
In Manly Sweetness all the rest surpass'd;
The Wit of *Greece*, the Gravity of *Rome*
Appear exalted in the *British* Loom;,
The Muses Empire is restor'd agen,
In *Charles* his Reign, and by *Roscomon's* Pen.
Yet modestly he does his Work survey,
And calls a finish'd Poem an *ESSAY*;
For all the needful Rules are scatter'd here;
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe;
(So well is Art disguis'd, for Nature to appear.)
Nor need those Rules, to give Translation light;
His own example is a flame so bright;
That he, who but arrives to copy well,
Unguided will advance; unknowing will excel.
Scarce his own *Horace* could such Rules ordain;
Or his own *Virgil* sing a nobler strain.
How much in him may rising *Ireland* boast,
How much in gaining him has *Brittain* lost!
Their Island in revenge has ours reclaim'd;
The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
'Tis well for us his generous blood did flow
Deriv'd from *British* Channels long ago,
That here his conquering Ancestors were nurs'd;
And *Ireland* but translated *England* first:
By this Reprisal we regain our right,
Else must the two contending Nations fight;

A nobler quarrel for his Native earth,
Than what divided *Greece* for *Homer's* birth.
To what perfection will our Tongue arrive,
How will Invention and Translation thrive,
When Authors nobly born will bear their part,
And not disdain th'inglorious praise of Art!
Great Generals thus descending from command,
With their own toil provoke the Souldiers hand.
How will sweet *Ovid's* Ghost be pleas'd to hear
His Fame augmented by an *English* Peer,
How he embellishes His *Helen's* loves,
Out does his softness, and his sense improves?
When these translate, and teach Translators too,
Nor Firfling Kid, nor any vulgar vow
Shou'd at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand;
Roscomon writes, to that auspicious hand,
Muse feed the Bull that spurns the yellow sand.
Roscomon, whom both Court and Camps commend,
True to his Prince, and faithful to his friend;
Roscomon first in Fields of Honour known,
First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown;
Who both *Minerva's* justly makes his own.
Now let the few belov'd by *Jove*, and they,
Whom infus'd *Titan* form'd of better Clay,
On equal terms with ancient Wit-ingage,
Nor mighty *Homer* fear, nor sacred *Virgil's* page;
Our *English* Palace opens wide in state;
And without stooping they may pass the Gate.

The Earl
of Mul-
grave.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Ad illustrissimum Virum
Dominum Comitem de ROSECOMON;
In Tentamen suum sive Specimen de
Poetis transferendis.

Carmen Encomiasticum.

Anglia si clavis pollet secunda Poetis
Mundo præreptos jactans in pace triumphos;
Pallada nutrit si non minus ubere gleba;
Augusto quam magna tulit sub Cæsare Roma;
Hoc Tibi debetur Comes illustrissime seculi;
Nam postquam per te patuit, populoque refulsit
Ars Flacci, vatum surrexit vivida proles,
Divinis instructa modis & carmine pura.
Jam non sola sequi vestigia sacra Maronis
Sed transferre datur: Vos O gaudete superbi
Angligenæ, meritisque virum redimite corollis
Quem pene arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi.
Nam duce Te vatam series æterna sequetur,
Qui tentare modos ausi immortalis Homeri,
Heroasque, Deosque canent, plausuq; secundo
Non male ceratis tendent super æthera pennis.
Et tua, docte Maro, (nisi fallor) carmina reddent
Majestate pari; dum læta vagaberis umbra
Per sacrum spatiosa nemus: Versuq; Britanno

Ænea

*Æneadas mirata cani, Bellamque, ducesque
Et Pastoris Oves, bis vocibus ora resolves.
Quam bene Te poteram patulis amplectier ulnis
Magne Comes, nostra O fama defensor & hæres !
Nunc licet insulsi vertant mea scripta Poeta,
Mollior ac Elegis Ovidi sonet Ilias, ausit
Mævius infelix calamo disperdere Versus,
Cuncta piat Silenus, & hand imitabile carmen
Prima quod infantis cecinit canabula mundi
Durabit, famamque per omne tuebitur ævum.
Grandibus ille modis & mirâ pingitur arte :
Per Te, Dulce decus, nostri viget ille laboris
Reliquiæ, multum celebrandus in ore Britannor
Tu Genio da fræna tuo, nec voce beatam
Hæc tristere animam ----cape dona extrema Tuorum
Carmina adhuc cineri exequias persolve Maronis
Pulchrior in tantâ splendet mea gloria musâ
Plurimus Angligenum manibus versabere, plebî
Sordebunt excusa ducum simulacra tabellis;
Te melius vivo pingentem carmine cernent.
Dum transfatorum sudant ignobile vulgus,
Ut captent oculos Phaleris, & imagine falsâ
Læsent lectorem, & vanâ dulcedine pascant;
Me mihi restituis versu, sensusque latentes
Eruis, & duplicem reddit tua charta Maronem*

To the
EARL of ROSCOMMON.
ON HIS
Excellent POEM.

AS when by *labouring* Stars new Kingdoms rise
The mighty *Mass* in *rudd* confusion lies,
A Court *unform'd*, disorder at the Bar,
And even in *Peace* the *rugged Meen* of War,
Till some wise States-man into *Method* draws
The parts, and *Animates* the frame with *Laws*;
Such was the case when *Chaucer's* early toyl
Founded the *Muses* Empire in our Soyl.
Spencer improv'd it with his painful hand,
But lost a Noble Muse in *Fairy-land*.
Shakespear say'd all that *Nature* cou'd impart,
And *Johnson* added *Industry* and *Art*.
Cowley, and *Venham* gain'd immortal praise;
And some who *merit* as they wear, the Bays.
Search'd all the *Treasuries* of *Greece*, and *Rome*,
And brought the *precious spoils* in *Triumph* home.
But still our language had some ancient *rust*,
Our flights were often *high* but seldom *just*.
There wanted one who *license* cou'd restrain,
Make *Civil Laws* o're *Barbarous Usage* reign:
One worthy in *Apollo's* Chair to sit
To hold the *Scales*, and give the *Stamp* of Wit.

In whom ripe judgement and Young fancy meet,
And force the Poets Rage to be discreet.
Who grows not *nauseous* whiles he strives to please:
But marks the *Shelves* in the *Poetic Seas*,
Who knows, and teaches what our *Clime* can bear,
And makes the *barren ground* obey the labourers care.

Few cou'd conceive, none the great work cou'd do,
'Tis a *fresh Province*, and reserv'd for *You*.

Those Talents all are yours; of which but *One*,
Where a *Fair fortune* for a *Muses Son*.
Wit, reading, judgment, conversation, art,
A head well ballanc'd, and a generous heart.
While *insect Rhymes* cloud the *polluted Skie*,
Created to *molest* the world, and *die*,
Your File do's *polish*, what your *Fancy* cast,
Works are *long* forming, which must *always* last.
Rough iron-sense, and stubborn to the Mold
Touch'd by your *Chimic* hand is turn'd to *Gold*:
A secret Grace fashions the *flowing* lines,
And *inspiration* thro' the *Labour* shines.
Writers in *spight* of all their *paint* and *Art*,
Betray the *darling passion* of their *heart*.
No *Fame* you wound, give no *chast* ears offence;
Still true to *Friendship, Modesty, and Sence*.
So *Saints* from *Heaven* for our *example* sent,
Live to their *Rules*, having nothing to *repent*.

*Horace, if living, by exchange of fate,
Wou'd give no ~~Lams~~, but only yours translate.*

*Hoist Sail, bold VVriters, search, discover far,
You have a Compass for a Polar-Star.
Tune Orpheus Harp, and with enchanting Rhymes
Soften the savage humour of the Times.*

*Tell all those untouch'd Wonders which appear'd
When Fate it self for our Great Monarch fear'd:
Securely thro' the dangerous Forrest led
By guards of Angels when his own were fled,
Heaven kindly exercis'd his Youth with Cares
To crown with unmix'd joys his riper years.*

*Make Warlike James's peaceful vertues known,
The second Hope and Genius of the Throne.
Heaven in compassion brought him on our Stage
To tame the fury of a monstrous Age.*

*But what blest voice shall your Maria sing?
Or a fit offering to her Altars bring?
In joys, in grief, in triumphs, in retreat,
Great always, without aiming to be Great.
Beauty and Love sit awful in her Face;
And every gesture form'd by every Grace.
Her Glories are too Heavenly, and refine'd,
For the Gross senses of a Vulgar mind.*

It

It is your part, (*you Poets. can divine*)
To prophecy how *she* by Heavens design
Shall give an *Heir* to the Great *British* Line,
Who over all the *Western* Isles shall reign,
Both *aw* the Continent, and *rule* the Main.
It is *Your Place* to wait upon her Name
Thro' the *vast* regions of *Eternal* fame.

True Poets *souls* to Princes are *ally'd*,
And the *Worlds* Empire with its Kings divide.
Heaven *trusts* the *present time* to *Monarchs* care,
Eternity is the *Good Writers* share.

Knightly Chetwood.

To the
Earl of Roscomon, on his Excellent Essay
on Translated Verse.

WHile *Satyr* pleas'd, and nothing else was writ
But pure ill nature pass'd for noblest Wit.
Some priviledg'd Climes the poisonous weeds refuse :
But when a generous understanding Muse
Does richer fruits from happier soils Translate,
W' are sent to *Ireland*, by reverse of fate.
Yet you, I know, with *Plato* would disdain
To write and equal the *Mæonian* strain?

If 'twould debauch your humour so far forth
To think so mean a thing, enhanc'd your worth.
For were that praise, and only that your due,
Which *Virgil* too might claim no less than you,
Tho that had merited my bare esteem,
I'de leave to other pens the single Theme.
But when I saw the Candor of your mind,
A Muse inur'd to Camps, in Courts refin'd,
A Soul e'vn capable of being a friend.
Free from those follies which the great attend;
I grant such excellence my Soul did fire,
Unable to commend, I will admire.

'Happy the man when no concern is nigh,
'But Nature's wanton, and his blood runs high,
'Who free from Cares enjoys without controul,
'His Muse, the darling Mistriss of his Soul,
'No tedious Court his appetite destroys,
'Nor thoughts of gain pollute the rapturous Joys.
'The Dear *Minerva's* form'd without a pain
'And nothing less, could spring from such a brain.
'And yet his Godlike pity he imparts
'To those that drudge at Duty against their hearts,
'And to illiberal uses wrest the Liberal Arts---

When I observe the wonders you explain
Too much the Antients you commend- --- in vain,

In vain you would endeavour to perswade
That all our Laws were in those Archives laid :
That Poetry must ever stand unmov'd,
The only art Experience ha'nt improv'd.
But grant their rites were to Religion grown,
Sure they concern no Countrys but their own :
For let *Aeneid* pass through other hands,
The *Aeneids* self a *third-rate* Poet stands :
Unfit to reach the heights that he has flown,
We wisely to our level bring him down,
Himself had writ 'less sweet, and less sublime
In any other tongue or other time.

And now, my Lord, on this account I grieve,
To think how different from your self you'l live.
When this inimitable peice is shown,
In Languages and Empires yet unknown.
It will be Learning *then* to know and hear
Not only what you wrote, but what you *were*.

J. Amberst.

Cum Opus suum Manuscriptum, una cum eleganti Carmine Latino sibi mitteret Illustrissimus Auhor, ita respondit devotissimus suus: K. C.

AUla dulce decus, quem culta Britannia vellet,
Scotia seque sibi vix perperisse, putat;
Quid, mihi dum nunquam peritura volumina mittis,
Me; nisi mirari, dulcis amice, velis?
Scripta tua in melius qui fingere possit, Apellis
Is Venerem, Phidiæ possit & ille Jovem:
Consilio ille juvet miscentem elementa Tonantem,
Rectius & soli scribere possit iter.
Res sancta est, surgens vestra ad fastigia, vates,
Cui præsens semper pectora numen habet.
Quantum est victuris victuras condere leges,
In litem lauros & revocare novam!
Extinctis vitam dare res est quanta! sed ipse
Quantus! pars minima est Musa diserta Tui.

(1)

A N

ESSAY

O N

Translated Verse.

H Appy that Author, whose correct Essay
Repairs so well our Old *Horatian* way
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great *Apollo's* sacred Standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight,
But since the *Press*, the *Pulpit*, and the *Stage*,
Conspire to censure and expose our Age.

B

Provok'd

Provok'd, Too far, we resolutely must
 To the few Vertues that we have, be just.
 For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
 To search the Treasures of the *Roman* store;
 Or dig in *Grecian Mines* for purer Oar;
 The noblest Fruits Transplanted in our Isle
 With early Hope, and fragrant Blossoms smile.
 Familiar *Old* tender thoughts inspires,
 And *Nature* seconds all his soft *Desires*:
Theocritus do's now to *Us* belong;
 And *Albion's Rocks* repeat his *Rural Song*.
 Who has not heard, how *Italy* was blest,
 Above the *Medes*, above the wealthy *East*?
 Or *Gallus* Song, so tender, and so true,
 As evn *Lycoris* might with pity view!
 When *Mourning Nymphs* attend their *Daphn's Horse*
 Who do's not Weep, that Reads the moving Verse!

But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
Sicilian Muses through these happy Plains,
 Proclaim *Saturnian* Times, our own *Apollo* Reigns.

When *France* had breath'd, after intestine Broils,
 And Peace, and Conquest crown'd her forreign Toils,
 There (cultivated by a Royal Hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the Land;
 The choicest Books, that *Rome*, or *Greece* have known,
 Her excellent *Translators* made her own:
 And *Europe* still considerably, ~~that she~~ gains,
 Both by their good *Example* and their *Pains*.
 From hence our generous Emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
 But now, *We* shew the world a nobler way,
 And in *Translated Verse*, do more than *They*,
 Serene, and clear, Harmonious *Horace* flows,
 With sweetness not to be exprest in *Prose*.

Degrading *Prose* explains his meaning ill,
 And shews the *Stuff*, but not the Workman's skill.
 I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
 Scarce know my Master as he there appears.
Vain are our *Neighbours Hopes*, and *Vain* their *Cares*,
 The *Fault* is more their *Languages*, than theirs.
 'Tis Courtly, florid, and abounds in words;
 Of softer sound than our perhaps affords.
 But who did ever in *French Authors* see
 The Comprehensive, *English Energy*?
 The weighty *Bullion* of *One Sterling Line*,
 Drawn to *French Wire*, would thro' whole *Pages* shine.
 I speak my *private*, but *impartial sense*,
 With *Freedom*, and (I hope) without *offence*:
 For I'll Recant, when *France* can shew me *Wit*,
 As strong as *Ours*, and as *succinctly Writ*.

Tis true, *Composing* is the *Nobler* Part,
 But good *Translation* is no *easie* Art:
 For tho *Materials* have long since been found,
 Yet both your *fancy*, and your *Hands* are bound;
 And by *Improving* what was writ *Before*;
Invention Labours' *Lefs*, but *Judgment*, *more*.

The Soil intended for *Pierian* seeds;
 Must be well *purg'd* from rank *Pedantick* Weeds.
Apollo starts, and all *Parnassus* shakes,
 At the rude Rumbling *Baralipton* makes.
 For none have been with *Admiration*, read,
 But who (beside their *Learning*) were *Well-bred*. A

THE first great work, (a Task perform'd by few)
 Is, that *your self* may to *your self* be *True*:
 No *Masque*, no *Tricks*, no *Favour*, no *Reserve*;
Dissect your Mind, examine ev'ry *Nerve*.

Who-

Whoever *Vainly* on his *strength* depends,
Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Mævius*, *Ends*.
 That wretch (in spite of his forgotten Rhymes)
 Condemn'd to Live to all succeeding Times,
 With *pompous Nonsense* and a *bellowing sound*
 Sung *lofty Ilium*, *Tumbling* to the Ground.
 And (if my Muse can through past Ages see)
 That *Noisy, Nauseous, Gaping Fool* was *He*;
 Exploded, when with universal scorn,
 The *Mountains Labour'd* and a *Muse* was *Born*.

Learn, learn, *Crotona's* brawny *Wrestler* cries
 Audacious Mortals, and be *Timely Wife*!
 'Tis I that call, remember *Milo's End*,
Wedg'd in that *Timber* which, he strove to *Rend*.

Each Poet, with a *different Talent* writes,
 One *Praises*, One *Instructs*, Another *Bites*.

Horace

Horace did ne're aspire to *Epick Bays*;
 Nor lofty *Maro* stoop to *Lyrick Lays*.
 Examine how your *Humour* is inclin'd,
 And which the *Ruling Passion* of your Mind;
 Then, seek a *Poet* who your way do's bend,
 And chuse an *Author* as you chuse a *Friend*.
 United by this *Sympathetick Bond*,
 You grow *Familiar, Intimate and Fond*;
 Your *thoughts*, your *Words*, your *Stiles*, your *Souls* agree,
 No Longer his *Interpreter*, but *He*.

With how much ease is a *young Muse Betrayd*,
 How nice the *Reputation* of the *Maid*!
 Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
 By chaste *Instruction* of her *Tender Years*.
 The first *Impression* in her *Infant Breast*
 Will be the *deepest*, and should be the best

Let no Austerity breed servile *Fear*,
 No wanton Sound offend her *Virgin-Ear*.
 Secure from foolish *Pride's* affected state,
 And specious *Flattery's* more pernicious Bait,
Habitual Innocence adorns her *Thoughts*
 But your neglect must answer for her *Faults*

Immodest words admit of no defence;
 For want of *Decency*, is want of *Sense*.
 What mod'rate *Fop* would rake the *Park*, or *Stews*,
 Who among Troops of *faultless Nymphs* may chuse?
Variety of *such* is to be found;
 Take then a Subject, proper to expound:
 But *Moral*, *Great*, and worth a *Poet's Voice*,
 For Men of *sense* despise a trivial Choice:
 And such *Applause* it must expect to meet,
 As woud some Painter, busie in a Street,

To Copy *Bulls* and *Bears*, and ev'ry Sign
That calls the *staring Sots* to *nafty Wine*

Yet 'tis not all to have a Subject Good,
It must *Delight* us when 'tis understood.
He that brings *fulsome Objects* to my view,
(As many *Old* have done, and many *New*)
With *nauseous Images* my Fancy fills,
And all, goes down like *Oxymel* of *Squils*.
Instruct the list'ning world how *Maro* sings
Of *useful subjects*, and of *lofty Things*.
These will such true, such bright *Idea's* raise,
As merit *Gratitude*, as well as *Praise*,
But *foul Descriptions* are *offensive still*,
Either for being *Like*, or being *Ill*.
For who, without a *Qualm*, hath ever lookt,
On *Holy Garbage*, tho by *Homer Cookt* ?

Whose *Rayling Hero's*, and whose *wounded Gods*,
 Make some suspect, He *Snores*, as well as *Nods*.
 But I offend ---- *Virgil* begins to frown,
 And *Horace* looks with *Indignation* down;
 My *blushing Muse* with *Conscious fear* retires,
 And whom *They like*, *Implicitely Admires*.

On *sure Foundations* let your *Fabricks Rise*,
 And with attractive *Majesty* surprise,
 Not by affected, *meritricious Arts*,
 But strict *harmonious Symetny* of *Parts*.
 Which through the *Whole*, insensibly must pass,
 With vital Heat to animate the *Mass*.
 A *pure*, an *Active*, an *Auspicious flame*,
 And *bright as Heav'n*, from whence the *Blessing* came;
 But few, oh few, *Souls*, praordain'd by *Fate*,
 The *Race of Gods*, have reach'd that *envy'd Height*.

No *Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious Crime*,
 By heaping Hills on Hills can thither climb,
 The grizly *Ferry-man of Hell* deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his *Guid*,
 How justly then will impious Mortals fall,
 Whose *Pride* would soar to *Heav'n* without a *Call*?

Pride (of all others the most dangerous *Fault*,)
 Proceeds from want of *Sense* or want of *Thought*,
 The Men, who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond, than boast.
 For if your Author be profoundly good,
 Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
 How many Ages since has *Virgil* writ ?
 How few are they who understand him yet ?
 Approach his *Altars* with religious *Fear*,
 No vulgar *Deity* inhabits there :

Heav'n shakes not more at *Jove's* imperial Nod,
 Then *Poets* shou'd before their *Mantuan* God.
 Hail mighty *MARO* ! may that Sacred Name,
 Kindle my *Breast* with thy *caelestial* Flame;
 Sublime *Ideas*, and apt *Words* infuse.
 The *Muse* instruct my *Voice*, and *Thou* inspire the *Muse* !

What I have instanc'd only in the *best*,
 Is, in proportion true of All the *rest*.
 Take pains the *genuine* Meaning to explore,
 There *Sweat*, there *Strain*, tug the laborious *Oar* :
 Search ev'ry *Comment*, that your *Care* can find,
 Some here, some there, may hit the *Poets* *Mind*;
 Yet be not blindly guided by the *Throng*;
 The *Multitude* is alwayes in the *Wrong*.
 When Things appear *unnatural* or *hard*,
 Consult your *Author*, with *Himself* compar'd ;

Who knows what blessing *Phæbus* may bestow,
 And future Ages to your Labour owe?
 Such Secrets are not easily found out,
 But once Discover'd, leave no Room for Doubt.
Truth Stamps *Conviction* in your Ravisht Breast,
 And *Peace*, and *Joy* attend the glorious Guest.

Truth still is *One*; *Truth* is Divinely bright,
 No cloudy *Doubts* obscure her *Native light*,
 While in your *Thoughts* you find the *least* debate,
 You may *Confound*, but *never* can *Translate*.
 Your *Stile* will this through all *Disguises* show,
 For none, *explain*, more clearly than they *Know*.
 He only proves he *Understands* a *Text*,
 Whose *Exposition* leaves it *unperplex'd*.

They.

They, who too faithfully on *Names* insist,

Rather Create than *Dissipate* the *Mist*.

And grow *Unjust* by being *over nice*,

(For *Superstitious Virtue* turns to *Vice*.)

Let *Crassus's Ghost*, and *Labienus* tell

How twice in *Parthian* plains their *Legions* fell.

Since *Rome* hath been so *Jealous* of her *Fame*,

That few know *Pacorus* or *Monæses* Name.

Words in One Language Elegantly us'd,

Will hardly in another be excus'd.

And some that *Rome* admir'd in *Cæsars* Time,

May neither suit *Our Genius* nor our *Clime*.

The *Genuine Sence*, intelligibly Told,

Shews a *Translator* both *Discreet*, and *Bold*.

Excursions are *inexpiably Bad*.

And 'tis much safer to leave out than *Add*,

Abstruse

Abstruse and Myſtick thoughts you muſt expreſs,
 With painful Care but ſeeming eaſineſs,
 For truth ſhines brighteſt through the plaineſt dreſs.
 Th' *Aeneas* Muſe when ſhe appears in ſtate,
 Makes all *Joves* Thunder on her Verſes wait,
 Yet writes ſometimes as ſoft and moving things,
 As *Venus* ſpeaks or *Philomela* ſings.
 Your Author alwayes will the beſt adviſe,
 Fall when He falls, and when He Riſes, Riſe.
 Affected Noiſe is the moſt wretched Thing,
 That to Contempt can Empty Scriblers bring.
 Vowels and Accents, Regularly plac'd
 On even Syllables (and ſtill the Laſt)
 Tho groſs innumerable Faults abound,
 In ſight of non ſenſe never fail of Sound.
 But this is meant of even Verſes alone
 As being moſt harmonious and moſt known,

For if you will unequal numbers try,
 There accents on odd Syllables must lie
 Whatever Sister of the learned Nine
 Do's to your Suit a willing Ear incline,
 Urge your success, deserve a lasting Name,
 She'l Crown a Grateful and a Constant Flame.
 But if a wild Uncertainty prevail,
 And turn your Veering heart with ev'ry Gale,
 You lose the Fruit of all your former care,
 For the sad Prospect of a Just Despair.

A Quack (too scandalously mean to Name)
 Had, by Man-Midwifry, got Wealth, and Fame;
 As if Lucina had forgot her Trade,
 The Lab'ring Wife invok's his surer Aid.
 Well-season'd Bowls the Gossips Spirits raise,
 Who while she Guzzles, Chats the Doctor's Praise.

And largely, what she wants in *Words*, supplies,
 With *Maudlin-Eloquence* of *trickling Eyes*.
 But what a thoughtless *Animal* is *Man*,
 (How very *Active* in his own *Trepan*!)
 For greedy of *Physicians* frequent *Fees*,
 From *Female Mellow Praise* He takes *Degrees*?
 Struts in a new *Unlicens'd Gown*, and then,
 From *saving Women* falls to *Killing Men*.
Another Such had left the *Nation Thin*,
 In spite of all the *Children* he brought in.
 His *Pills*, as thick as *Hand Granadoes* flew,
 And where they *Fell*, as *Certainly*, they *flew*.
 His *Name* struck ev'ry where as great a *Damp*
 As *Archimedes* through the *Roman Camp*.
 With this, the *Doctors Pride* began to *Cool*,
 For *Smarting soundly* may *convince* a *Fool*.
 But now *Repentance* came too late, for *Grace*;
 And meager *Famine* star'd him in the *Face*.

Fain would he to the *Wives* be reconcil'd,
 But found no *Husband* left to own a *Child*.
 The *Friends*, that got the Brats, were poyson'd too;
 In this sad case what could our *Vermin* do?
 Worry'd with *Debts* and past all *Hope* of *Bail*,
 Th' unpity'd wretch lies *Rotting* in a *Jail*.
 And There with *Basket-Alms*, scarce kept *Alive*,
 Shews how *Mistaken Talents* ought to *Thrive*.

I pity, from my Soul, Unhappy men,
 Compell'd by want to *Prostitute* their *Pen*;
 Who must, like *Lawyers*, either *Starve* or *Plead*,
 And follow, right or wrong, where *Guynny's Lead*;
 But you, *Pompilian*, wealthy, pamper'd *Heirs*,
 Who to your *Country* owe your *Swords* and *Cares*.
 Let no vain hope your easie mind seduce,
 For *Rich Ill Poets* are without *Excuse*.

'Tis very Dangerous, *Tampring* with a *Muse*.
 The *Profit's small*, and you have *much to lose*;
 For, tho *true Wit* adorns your *Birth*, or *Place*,
Degenerate lines *degrade* th' *attainted Race*,
 No Poet any *Passion* can Excite;
 But what they feel transport them when they write.
 Have you been led through the *Cumæan Cave*.
 And heard th' *Impatient Maid Divinely Rave* ?
 I hear her now; I see her *Rowling Eyes*;
 And panting; *Lo ! the God, the God* she cries;
 With words, not *Hers*, and more than *humane sound*,
 She makes th' obedient *Ghosts* peep trembling thro the
 But tho we *must obey* when *heaven Commands*, (ground,
 And man in vain the *Sacred Call* withstands,
 Beware *what Spirit* rages in your breast.
 For *ten inspir'd ten thousand* are Possess.
 Thus make the *proper use* of each *Extream*,
 And write with *fury* but correct with *Phleam*.

As when the Chearful hours too freely Pass,
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting Glafs,
 Your *Pulse* advises, and Begins to beat
 Through Every swelling Vein a *loud retreat*.
 So when a *Muse Propitiiously invites*
Improve her favours, and *Indulge* her flights,
 But when you find that vigorous heat *abate* ,
Leave off , and for *another summons* wait.
 Before the *Radiant Sun*, a *Glimmering Lamp* ;
Adultrate Metals to the *Sterling Stamp* ,
 Appear not *meaner*, than *mere humane Lines*,
 Compar'd with those whose *Inspiration shines* ;
These, Nervous, bold ; *those Languid, and remiss* ;
There, cold salutes, But *here, a Lovers kiss*.
 Thus have I seen a Rapid, headlong Tide,
 With foaming Waves the Passive Soan Divide
 Whose Lazy Waters without Motion lay ,
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his Impetuous way.

The *Priviledge* that Ancient Poets claim
 Now turn'd to *License* by too *just* a Name,
 Belongs to none but an *Establisht Fame*,
 Which *scorns* to *Take* it———
Absur'd Expressions, crude, Abortive Thoughts,
 All the lewd *Legion* of *Exploded faults,*
Base Fugitives to that *Asylum* fly,
 And sacred *Laws* with *Insolence* Defy.
 Not thus our *Heroes* of the former Days,
Deserv'd and *Gain'd* their never fading *Bayes*;
 For I mistake, or far the greatest Part,
 Of what some call *Neglect* was *study'd Art*.
 When *Virgil* seems to *Trifle* in a Line,
 'Tis like a *Warning-piece*, which gives the *Sign*
 To *Wake* your *Fancy*, and *prepare* your *Sight*,
 To reach the noble *Height* of some *unusual Flight*.

I lose my Patience, when, with *Sawcy Pride*,
 By *untun'd Ears* I hear *His Numbers* try'd.
Reverse of Nature ! shall *such Copies*, then
 Arraign th' *Originals* of *Maro's Pen*!
 And the *rude Notions* of *Pedantick Schools*
 Blaspheme the sacred *Founder of Our Rules* !

The Delicacy of the nicest Ear
 Finds nothing *harsh*, or out of *Order* There. ,
Sublime or *Low*, *unbended* or *Intense*,
 The *sound* is still a *Comment* to the *Sense*.

A skilful *Ear*, in *Numbers* shou'd preside,
 And all *Disputes* without *Appeal* decide.
This ancient Rome, and *Elder Athens* found,
 Before *mistaken stops* *debauch'd* the *sound*.

When, by Impulse from Heaven, *Tyrtæus* Sung,
 In drooping Souldiers a new Courage sprung *Re-*

Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
 And what *Two Gen'als Lost*, a *Poet Gain'd*.
 By secret influence of Indulgent Skyes,
Empire, and *Poesy Together* rise.
True Poets are the *Guardians* of a *State*,
 And when *They Fail*, portend approaching *Fate*.
 For that which *Rome* to *Conquest* did Inspire,
 Was not the *Vestal*, but the *Muses fire*;
Heavena joyns the *Blessings*, no declining *Age*,
 E're felt the *Raptures* of *Poetick Rage*.

Of many faults, *Rhyme* is (perhaps) the *Cause*,
 Too strict to *Rhyme* We slight more useful *Laws*.
 For *That*, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never known,
 'Till by *Barbarian Deluges* o'reflown,
Subdu'd, *Undone*, *They* did at Last, *Obey*,
 And change their *Own* for their *Invaders* way.

I grant that from some *Mossie, Idol Oak*
 In *Double Rhymes* our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke;
 And by Succession of unlearned Times,
 As *Bards* began, so *Monks* Rung on the *Chimes*.

But now that *Phæbus* and the *sacred Nine*,
 With all their Beams on our blest *Island* shine,
 Why should not *We* their *ancient Rites* restore
 And be, what *Rome* or *Athens* were *Before*?

Have we forgot how Raphaels Num'rous Prose
Led our exalted Souls through heavenly Camps,
And mark'd the ground where proud Apostate Thrones,
Desy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt Host and Host,
(A narrow but a dreadful Interval)
Portentous sight! before the Cloudy van,
Satan with vast and haughty Strides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring arm'd in Adamant and Gold.

There Bellowing Engines, with their fiery Tubes,
Dispers'd Æthereal forms, and down they fell
By thousands, Angels on Arch-Angels row'd;
Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
Which, (with their pond'rous load, Rocks, Waters, Woods)
From their firm Seats torn by the shaggy Tops
They bore like Shields before them through the Air,
Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their Foes,
All was Confusion, Heavens Foundations shook,
Threatning no less than Universal Wrack,
For Michaels arm main Promontories flung,
And over prest whole Legions weak with Sin;
Yet they Blasphem'd and struggled as they lay
Till the great Ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
And (arm'd with vengeance) Gods Victorious Son
(Effulgence of Paternal Deity)
Grasping ten thousand Thunders in his hand
Drove th' old Original Rebels headlong down
And sent them flaming to the vast Abyſſe.

O may I live to hail the Glorious day
And sing loud Pains through the crowded way
When in Triumphant State the British Muse
True to her self shall barb'rous aid Refuse
And in the Roman Majesty appear
Which none know better and none come near.

They bore like Lions before the foe
Till more intent they shut their eyes
All was Confusion, blood, and slaughter
Threatning no less than Universal track.

For Michael's arm main Promontories hung
And other parts whole Regions rock with sin;
For they blasphemed, and blasphemed as they lay
Till the great English of Messiah bleed
And (armed with vengeance) Gods Victorious Son

(Effigies of Eternal Deity)
Grasping ten thousand Thunders in his hand
Drove to old Original Rebels headlong down
And sent them flustering to the vast Abyss.

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